

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25, 1831.

NO. 5.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

The subject of the beautiful engraving which we furnish in the Ariel of to-day, is no doubt familiar to most of our readers as a scene which Scott has handed over to immortality, by founding upon it his novel of Kenilworth. The town of Kenilworth is remarkable for nothing but its magnificent Castle, which, along with its extensive chase and park, formed at one time the pride and ornament of all that part of England. The remains of the Castle present one of the most splendid and picturesque wrecks of castellated strength to be found in England, and still impart a melancholy grandeur to the town and neighborhood. This Castle was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, treasurer to Henry I. Most of the buildings, of which the remains are still visible, were built by John of Gaunt, who had acquired the Castle by marriage. Through his son Henry IV. the Castle again returned into the hands of the crown, and continued so, until Queen Elizabeth conferred it upon the earl of Leicester. This great favorite of the virgin Queen expended enormous sums in enlarging and adorning the buildings, and when all was finished, he entertained the queen here for seventeen days, in a style of extraordinary magnificence, the particulars of which are still preserved. According to a survey taken some time after this, the area within the walls contained seven acres, and the circuit of the walls, manors, parks, and chase, was nineteen or twenty miles.—During the civil wars the building was greatly demolished, and the materials sold by Cromwell's officers. The present proprietor is the earl of Clarendon. The population of the town of Kenilworth is less than 3000.

HAVERFORDWEST.

The view of this village of Wales, though not embodying the same historical interest of Kenilworth, is equally pleasing. It is the county town of Pembrokeshire, and stands upon the river Bledau. It has but few manufactories, and does not command a very extensive trade. The streets are very narrow, and some of them, the main street in particular, so steep that horses and carriages can scarcely proceed without danger. The market is well supplied with fish, and is one of the best in Wales.—The Castle of Haverford, when perfect, must have been a large and magnificent structure. The remains are seen in the centre of the view before us. The keep is the only portion that now remains entire, and is of itself a noble pile of building. A little below this, on the banks of the river, are the remains of an ancient priory. The population of Haverfordwest is about 4000.

A QUIZ.—A gentleman, relating one night, at a coffee-room in Oxford, that Dr. —, of Brazen Nose college, had put out his leg in crossing a kennel; five surgeons immediately set out for the doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such accident had happened. 'Why,' replied the gentleman, 'how can a man cross a kennel without putting out his leg?'

FOR THE ARIEL.

HOME.

If there's a spot round which fond mem'ry dwells,
Though years have past and far away we roam;
If there's a feeling which the bosom swells,
Thine is that spot, that throb is thine, oh home!

The fire-side round which the frightening tale
Of winter's eve, was told by faithful nurse;
Of church-yards, spectres long and pale,
Of cypress wreath and slowly nodding hearse,
Is not forgot! no, oft shall fancy paint
That little circle where I smiled so gay,
Ere yet the ills of life had made me faint,
Or deep misfortune dashed its joys away.

There stands the moss-grown church! its yard, its
spire

I still behold, though years have roll'd along;
And hark! I hear the Heaven-instructed choir,
Which oft has sooth'd, then charm'd with holy
song.

That moment when I knelt, then bade farewell
To kindred, friends, and lov'd domestics gay,
Is fresh in memory, and these eyes shall tell,
That, home! I love thee! though too far away!

VALLEY MUSE.

Richmond, Va. June 4th, 1831.

PUFFING.—Altho' few men were more under the impulse of passion than Lord Byron, there was yet a curious kind of management about him which showed that he was well aware how much of the world's favour was to be won by it. Long before Childe Harold appeared, it was generally known that he had a poem in the press, and various surmises to stimulate curiosity were circulated concerning it: I do not say that those were by his orders, or under his directions, but on one occasion I did fancy that I could discern a touch of his own hand in a paragraph in the Morning Post, in which he was mentioned as having returned from an excursion into the interior of Africa; and when I alluded to it, my suspicion was confirmed by his embarrassment.—Galt.

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.—David was the model of an oriental prince; handsome in his person, valiant, mild, just, and generous; humble before his God, and zealous in his honor; a lover of music and poetry, himself a poet. Successful in war, he reduced beneath his sceptre all the countries from the borders of Egypt to the mountains whence the Euphrates springs. The king of Tyre was his ally; he had ports on the Red Sea, and the wealth of commerce flowed during his reign into Israel. He fortified and adorned Jerusalem, which he made the seat of government. Glorious prospects of extended empire, and of the diffusion of the pure religion of Israel, and of happy times, floated before the mind of the prophet-king.

LET US HAVE THE BEST.—A certain farmer went to a clergyman and inquired of him, "why he did not preach so much Latin and Greek as the minister did who preached to them previous to him."—"Why," said he, "I thought I would make use of such language as I presumed you could understand, and I did not suppose that the farmers generally understood Latin and Greek." "Oh," said the farmer, "I pay for the best, and let us have it; give us as much Latin and Greek as you can spare."

BIOGRAPHY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

LITERARY CHARACTERS.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

The following article is but an abstract of that in the New Monthly, which is accompanied by a handsome engraved portrait of Cooper.

Among the frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in literary coteries of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated "The great American Novelist." When the name of a writer becomes identified in this manner with that of his country, he may feel sufficiently assured of the permanency of his reputation. He may, with perfect safety, leave his fame to take care of itself. His is no fleeting or narrow renown; it is associated with his "land's language."

We are not hazarding much in saying, that no writer ever possessed the advantages enjoyed by the author of "The Spy," on his first onset in literary life.—The very peculiarity of his situation rendered it next to impossible for him to fail in charming that large portion of the English people denominated the novel readers.—An Esquimaux poet, brought over by Captain Parry, could hardly have excited more wonder than the "great American Novelist," when he made his first appearance in Europe. The world fell into a fit of admiration at the first sign of a genius on the barren waste of America, and started at it as the bewildered Crusoe did at the footmark on the sand. But in addition to these lesser advantages, the Novelist enjoyed the grand and all sufficing one that arises from an entire originality of subject. The field that lay open before him was not merely of immeasurable extent, but he had the felicity of having it all to himself. Like the Ancient Mariner;—

"He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

He suddenly found himself recognized as the Sir Walter* of the New world,—one who was to do for his country what Scott has done for his; to delineate the character of its people; to paint its scenery; to exult in its acquirements and prospects; but above all, to assert its glory and independence.

If some portion of the success of our trans-atlantic Novelist was referable to circumstances, and to the peculiar attractiveness of his subjects, a still greater portion was attributable to himself, and to the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to his labors—(and we have read all that were ever written since the creation of the world,) of a more absorbing character, or more fatal to the female propensity of skipping the digressive portions. Every word of Mr. Cooper's narratives is effective, or appears so while you read; and yet he does not scruple to describe an object in the most elaborate and uncompromising terms, three or four times over in the same work, if it be necessary that the reader should have an accurate outline of it before his eyes. His sea scenes are unique. He does not give you "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."—All is action, character, and poetry. You see in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, however insignificant; you

* An example of Mr. Cooper's appreciation of his illustrious rival occurred while he was sitting for the portrait that accompanies our sketch. The artist, Madame Mirabel, requested him, as is usual in such cases, to fix his eye upon a particular point. "Look at that picture," said she, pointing to one of a distinguished statesman. "No," said Cooper, "If I must look at any, it shall be at my master," directing his glance a little higher to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

hear, in the terms in which he describes them, the roaring of the surge, the voices of the seamen, and the flappings of the sails. Amidst such scenes as these, where

"His march is o'er the mountain wave,
His home is on the deep,"

we lose sight of land altogether; and are startled, a few chapters farther on, at finding ourselves in a wild, barren, wintry region, the antipodes of that we had left. "The Water Witch," his last production, has several sea scenes, not inferior to any that preceded them. It is more wild and experimental in parts, but lacks nothing in point either of freshness or energy.

From all that we can learn of the gifted American, from those who have had the best and most recent opportunities of personal observation, we should judge that his general bearing indicates a man of strong natural powers, great decision of character, and observant habits—more perhaps of things than men. He is rather above than under the middle height, his figure well and firmly set, and his movements rather rapid than graceful. All his gestures are those of promptness and energy. His high expansive forehead is a phrenological curiosity; a deep indenture across its open surface throws the lower organs of eventuality, locality, and individuality, into fine effect; while those immediately above—comparison, causality, and gaiety—are equally remarkable. His eyes, which are deeply set, have a wild, stormy, and restless expression, as if they scorned sleep, and were perpetually in search of something. But it is his mouth that has the strongest pretensions to singularity of character. An inflexible firmness forms its expression when silent, but when he speaks, it seems as though he held all the passions and feelings of the heart under his command, and could summon them to his lip at pleasure. It is then that he rivets the attention more than any living writer—not excepting Wordsworth. David, the French sculptor, in his fine bust of the novelist, has given his character admirably. His head altogether is strikingly intellectual; its severity is relieved by simplicity. Nature moulded it in majesty, yet denied it not the gentler graces that should ever adorn greatness.

His manners are a pleasant mixture of the mariner and the gentleman. He is an *American*, even in our English sense of the word; the *amor patriæ* is in him a passion that never subsides; he is devotedly attached to his country, to its institutions, and (as is apparent from his own works,) to its rugged, but yet magnificent scenery.

The family of Mr. Cooper was originally from Buckingham in England, settled in America in 1679, and about a century afterwards became established in the state of New York. He was born at Burlington, on the Delaware, in 1789, and was removed at an early age to Cooper's Town—a place, of which he has given a very interesting account in "the Pioneers." At thirteen, he was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, and three years afterwards, went to sea; an event that gave a character and a color to his after life, and produced impressions, of which the world has already reaped a rich result. On his marriage with a daughter of John Peter De Lancey, of Westchester county, New York, he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to composition. Mr. Cooper's first work was published in 1821, and every year since that period has brought its new novel. He has already printed

and become popular in many cities—in London, Paris, Florence and Dresden.

In 1826, his health having suffered considerably from a fever that attacked him two years before, he was induced to visit Europe; this has restored him, and he now thinks of returning to a home which his heart has never abandoned—We had omitted to mention, that Mr. Cooper was appointed, chiefly to protect his papers, to the Consulship at Lyons—a nominal post which he resigned about three years ago.

In Paris, where Mr. Cooper at present resides, no man is more sought after, and few so much respected. Under the *old regime* it might have been different. The whispering of prejudice, jealousy, and national dislike that were occasionally audible here, do not reach him there.—He appears to be perfectly at his ease—sensible of the estimation, but not over-estimation, in which he is held by all sects and parties. Yet he seems to claim little consideration on the score of intellectual greatness; he is evidently prouder of his birth than his genius; and looks, speaks, and walks as if he exulted more in being recognized as an American citizen, than as the author of “The Pilot” and “The Prairie.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The mystery which hung so long over the authorship of the Waverly Novels, was cleared up by a misfortune which all the world deplores, and which would have crushed any other spirit save that of Scott. This stroke of evil fortune did not, perhaps, come quite unexpected; it was, however, unavoidable, and it arose from no mismanagement or miscalculation of his own, unless I may consider—which I do not—his embarking in the hazards of a printing-house, a piece of miscalculation. It is said, that he received warnings; the paper of Constable, the bookseller, or, to speak plainer, long money-bills were much in circulation; one of them, for a large sum, made its appearance in the Bank of Scotland, with Scott's name upon it, and a secretary sent for Sir Walter. “Do you know,” said he, that Constable has many such bills abroad—Sir Walter, I warn you.” “Well,” answered Sir Walter, “it is perhaps, as you say, and I thank you; but,” raising his voice, “Archie Constable was a good friend to me when friends were rarer than now, and I will not see him balked for the sake of a few thousand pounds.” The amount of the sum for which Scott, on the failure of Constable, became responsible, I have heard various accounts—varying from fifty to seventy thousand pounds. Some generous and wealthy person sent him a blank check, properly signed, upon the bank, desiring him to fill in the sum and relieve himself; but he returned it with proper acknowledgments. He took, as it were, the debt upon himself, as a loan, the whole payable with interest in ten years; and to work he went with head, and heart, and hand, to amend his broken fortunes. I had several letters from him during these disastrous days; the language was cheerful, and there were no allusions to what had happened. It is true, there was no occasion for him to mention these occurrences to me; all that he said about them was—“I miss my daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, who used to sing to me; I have some need of her now.” No General after a bloody and disastrous battle, ever set about preparing himself for a more successful contest than did this distinguished man. Work succeeded work with unheard of rapidity; the chief of which was, “The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,” in nine volumes—a production of sin-

gular power, and an almost perfect work, with the exception of the parts which treat of the French Revolution, and the captivity of the great prisoner. I had the curiosity, on seeing one of the reviews praising Hazlitt's description of the Battle of the Pyramids, to turn to the account of Scott. I need not say which was best; Scott's was like the sounding of a trumpet. The present cheap and truly elegant edition of the works of the author of “Waverly” has, with its deservedly unrivalled sale, relieved the poet from his difficulties, and the cloud which hung so long over the towers of Abbotsford has given place to sunshine.

Of Abbotsford itself, the best description ever given, or at least the briefest, was “A Romance in stone and lime.” It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together;—I say living, because a menagerie might be formed out of birds and beasts, sent as presents from distant lands. A friend told me he was at Abbotsford one evening, when a servant announced, “A present from”—I forget what chieftain in the North.—“Bring it in,” said the poet. The sound of strange feet were soon heard, and in came two beautiful Shetland ponies, with long manes and uncut tails, and so small that they might have been sent to Elfland, to the Queen of the Fairies herself. One poor Scotsman, to show his gratitude for some kindness Scott, as sheriff, had shown him, sent two kangaroos from New Holland; and Washington Irving lately told me, that some Spaniard or other, having caught two young wild Andalusian boars, consulted him how he might have them sent to the author of “The Vision of Don Roderick.”

This distinguished poet and novelist is now some sixty years old— hale, fresh, and vigorous, with his imagination as bright, and his conceptions as clear and graphic, as ever. I have now before me a dozen or fifteen volumes of his poetry, including his latest—“Halidon Hill”—one of the most heroically-touching poems of modern times—and somewhere about eighty volumes of his prose; his letters, were they collected, would amount to fifty volumes more.

TRADITIONS OF THE INDIANS.—According to the unambitious belief of the Osages, a people living on the banks of one of the lower tributaries of the Missouri, they are sprung from a snail and a beaver. The Mandans believe their ancestors once lived in a large village under ground, near a subterranean lake; that by means of a vine tree, which extended its roots to their cheerless habitation, they got a glimpse of the light; that informed by some adventurers, who had visited the upper world, of the numerous buffaloes pasturing on the plains, and of the trees loaded with delicious fruits, the whole nation, with one consent, began to ascend the roots of the vine; but that, when about the half of them had reached the surface, a corpulent woman climbing up, broke the roots by her weight; that the earth immediately closed, and concealed for ever from those below the cheering beams of the sun.

When his Majesty's carriage drove into the Stable-yard at St. James's, on Wednesday, a jolly tar saluted him with a characteristic cheer, “Huzza for King William! the Reform Bill for ever!” It is said his Majesty was highly gratified at this homely and familiar pun upon his name.

THE TRAVELLER.**JUAN FERNANDEZ.**

THIS Island was the first land we made after leaving Boston, and I can truly say, that no land ever appeared to me so pleasant before. It must have been owing to the great length of time I had been, for the first time in my life, on the boisterous ocean, as the general appearance of the island is sterile and mountainous, with the exception of a valley, the same in which Alexander Selkirk lived, on whose adventure the popular story of Robinson Crusoe was founded. It appears more like the garden of Eden, than any place I ever saw or heard of. This valley is surrounded by high, steep and craggy mountains, which form a noble contrast to the garden below, through whose openings the wind often comes, sweeping with the violence of a tornado, and threatening destruction to ships that lie in the bay. This valley is a level space of eleven or more acres, covered with rich looking grass, that denotes a fertile soil; while fruit trees are so thick as to form a beautiful shade, through which vines and rose bushes of various kinds, and flowers of all colors, seem to strive which shall inherit the largest share of the bowers formed by their own weaving, among the peach, cherry, and fig-trees. These are also thronged with singing birds, whose musical notes nearly transport the observer to the upper regions, while beneath all these beauties of nature a soft murmuring rivulet is heard, gently rippling by. For one who had been tossed about by the winds and waves for many months, as I had, to be at once placed in the midst of this most delightful spot of nature, to be surrounded by all that can please the eye or engage the ear—to see before you nature's loveliest fruits—to hear the secret melody of ten thousand birds that are continually warbling here, he would scarcely believe it real; and he would fancy some fairy wand had touched his imagination. Yet it is not more than I have read of. I have seen described in poetry, exactly such places as I had the pleasure here to observe, and which I have very imperfectly described.

The climate is beautiful, and the prospect imposing. I was nearly tempted to run away from our brig, and reside at this place. When we were there, only one American and six Spaniards were inhabitants—but I have since learned that a company have gone out to make a settlement on this Island.

CAPE HORN.

CAPE Horn, that celebrated land of storms and tempests, whose very name strikes the ear of a seaman with dread, I have twice doubled, and can therefore give a tolerable description of it. Both times that I passed round this Cape, was in the summer season there, during the months of December and January. Even at this time of the year, the weather is almost one continued storm of wind, hail, snow, and ice. The winds are generally from the westward, and often blow with a violence that threatens instant destruction to a ship. Vessels are frequently 40, 50, and 60 days off this Cape, and not unfrequently have been known to put away before it, and make their passage

to the Sandwich Islands, by the way of Cape of Good-Hope, after trying 60 days in vain to get round it. We had 25 days round, when bound out, and only 24 hours on our return home. There is often that difference between being outward and homeward bound. The crews of all ships suffer much from the climate which is exceedingly cold, particularly in the winter season. The sea rolls in long heavy swells, and threatens to lay a ship on her beam ends. In December it is day-light all the time, and from sunset to sunrise is only 4 or 6 hours. This makes it less gloomy than it would otherwise be. A wild aspect of the Heavens is always before you, that adds much to the gloominess of your situation.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

KISSING.

BEHAVE yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! no before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
What'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' neething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Nor gae the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this,
But, loosh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be so teas'd before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
When we'er our lane ye may tak ane
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But ay be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, its hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely not before folk.

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

A TURKISH EXECUTION.—Mr. Slade, a lieutenant in the navy, was accidentally present at an execution, which took place on the 5th of September, two days before I came to Constantinople. He was entering from the Fish-market, which terminates with the Custom-house, and about to turn in that direction, when he remarked a crowd of persons, all looking towards the opposite end of the street. He now perceived a guard of about twenty men advancing towards him. Curious to know what it might mean, he remained where he was, at the crossing of the two streets. When the guard had arrived there, it halted, and the officer made signs to the crowd to fall back, upon which two men advanced from the guard—the executioner and the victim, the latter having his hands tied behind him, the former armed with a *yatagan*. So firm and undaunted was the demeanour of the condemned man, had not his hands been tied, there was nothing to indicate his unhappy character. With the same unshaken determination, he presently knelt down and submitted his head and neck to be prepared by the executioner for the blow, by removing his turban and cap, and feeling the back of the neck for a good place to strike.—When this was done, and the executioner had read over *yafsa*, under which he was condemned, he made a short prayer to Mahomet in a loud and firm tone of voice, and turning to the executioner, he said he was ready; upon which with a single blow of the *yatagan*, the head was severed from the body; it rolled two or three feet, while the trunk, instantly lifeless and prostrate, emitted two copious streams of blood. In the meantime the mob and guards disappeared; the executioner quietly wiped his *yatagan* on the clothes of the deceased, sheathed it, laid the body on its back, the head under the arm, and the *yafsa* on the breast. Several Greeks, Armenians, and Jews were executed at this period. Their bodies are disposed of differently from the Mahometans. They are laid upon their bellies, and instead of the heads being placed under the arms, they are put between the legs. Some women were also put to death; but as the Turk never loses sight of the decorum due to the sex, even after death, their bodies were placed in a horse-hair sack, and in this manner exposed for the sake of example.—*Major Keppel's Narrative.*

A domestic, who was fond of expressing her ideas in pompous language, ran in one day from the kitchen to her mistress, with—"O mam! what shall I do? the superfluity of the butter has superannuated the potatoes and rendered the fish quite obnoxious."

In the Insolvent Debtor's Court, England, one of the prisoners felt quite indignant at being termed a shoemaker, and said, "A *cordwainer* is a person who makes *shoes* for ladies and gentlemen; but a *shoemaker* is one who makes *shoes* for a horse!"

A Mobile paper, in describing a storm which took place there on the 3d ult. says:—"Lightning decorated the mantle of night with *golden chains* and unrolled and spread out all over the earth, her *sheets* of fire. Hail fell,—sparkling in the light—like diamonds from the clouds—and about as big as a piece of chalk!"

MARRYING DAUGHTERS.—The Spaniards say, "At 18 marry your daughter to her superior; at 20 to her equal; at 30 to any body that will have her."

*Behold, alas our days we spend:
How vain they be, how soon they end!*

BEHOLD

How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man;
In those well tempered days his time was then
Survey'd, east up, and found but threescore years
and ten.

ALAS

What is all that?
They come and slide and pass
Before my tongue can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short lived task
is done.

OUR DAYS

Begun, we bend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end;
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecovered loss: we rather breathe than live.

WE SPEND

A ten year's breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live in fear of death:
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys
Which please our sense, and waking prove but toys.

HOW VAIN,

How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest; few at most;
They are but bad at best, yet lavished out, or lost.

THEY BE

The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wings more swift than eagle's wings!
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a
death.

HOW SOON

Our new-born light
Attains to full aged noon!
And this, how soon to gray-hair'd night!
We spring we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days, they flee so fast.

THEY END

When scarce begun,
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the
last.

EPIGRAMS.

Classic Querno in the size
Of his works is very wise;
For he prints to sell, and so
Prints them all in folio,
Knowing that the pastry-cooks
Ever buy the biggest books.

What did Doctor Galen mean,
When he took a wife so lean?
Could his purpose merely be
The study of anatomy?

Here lies an old maid, a famous snuff-taker;
Who in life took an acre
Of dust, but now must
Be content with six feet till the last trumpet wake
her.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.—Tom K——, of R. was a notorious set, and actually sold his once splendid Wardrobe, with the exception of the clothes he had on, to indulge in the dear delight of the bottle. Having nothing else to sell, he one day made a bargain for his last feather bed. When reproved for it by some of his friends, he replied with a leer and a hiccup:—"Why I am very well, thank God, and *why should I keep my bed?*"

LITERARY.

VIEWS OF NEW YORK AND ITS ENVIRONS No. 1.—As beautiful a work of the kind as has ever issued from the American press. A contemporary print sums up its merits thus—"The literary part of the work is under the charge of Theodore S. Fay, Esq. co-Editor of the New York Mirror, and well known as a sprightly, imaginative and pleasing writer. He is to be assisted by several literary gentlemen. The specimen before us gives promise of a work that will do honor to the artists, editors, projector and all engaged in it. The title page is ornamented with a beautifully executed vignette, representing a modern knight and a lady on an equestrian excursion upon one of the picturesque points of the shore, with a soft view of the river and the hills beyond. The views are four in number.—One is taken from under the towering walls of Castle William, and represents the eastern side of the city; the East river and the Brooklyn heights on the right. The second, 'Broadway from the Park,' with the American Museum in the foreground on the left, presents one of the finest perspective pictures of which the city can boast. The third is a view up Broadway from Bowling Green, which is included, and the fourth, of the American Hotel and contiguous building. The drawings are by J. H. Dakin, and the engravings by Barnard and Dick. The cost of each number is only three shillings; when the elegance of its execution is considered, we cannot doubt that public patronage will indemnify the undertakers of the enterprise. A large number of impressions must necessarily be sold to do so. The engravings being on steel, any number of impressions may be taken without weakening the lines. The publishers in New York are Peabody & Co., whose very handsome store in Broadway near the American Hotel, is to be seen in one of the views." The surprising cheapness of this publication must command for it an extensive sale.—Messrs. Carey & Hart of this city are supplied with copies, and at their attractive rooms we recommend our readers to call, admire, nor leave without the first number of these charming Views.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, &c. &c. BY M. DE BOURRIENNE. 2 vols. 8vo. Carey & Lea.—This work is in truth—Memoirs. A retrospect of transactions and observations, without reference to the order in which they occurred or the effect their exposition may produce. We see more of the character of Napoleon in this production than may be obtained from all preceding publications connected with that astonishing man—all his magnificence in projects and littleness of mind.—We are grateful to the American publishers for reducing the cost of this work to the means of the general reader, and condensing into two volumes, the matter which in the English edition is spread over ten. There is a manifest propriety in laying before the general eye the means of stripping heroes and conquerors of the gaudy tinsel which gives brilliance to intrigue and drapery to meanness.—Such men should be seen in all their vigor of intellect, indeed, but without any cloak to their deformity. Of the means of our author for developing the character of Napoleon, the following may serve as an illustration:—

"At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuil-

eries, after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray cloak, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The first consul" to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and me also, as a relaxation from our labors, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing. At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duke d'Angouleme. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honore; but we did not extend our excursions farther than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavor to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs, when pulling up the corners of his cravat he would say, "Well, Madame, is there any thing new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day, when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop to avoid the attacks which Bonaparte had drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which he spoke of the first consul."

M. Bourrienne is not an indiscriminate censor of Napoleon. On the contrary, he at times goes some lengths to remove heavy imputations which have been heaped upon the subject of his Memoirs.—The following is his account of the much bruted murder of the prisoners at Jaffa:—

"On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aids-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, to observe what was passing, and to report to him.—They learnt that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanseras, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the aid-de-camp scarf on the arm, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried, from the windows, that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not, they threatened to fire on the aids-de-camp, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the proposition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about two thousand five hundred men, the other of about fifteen hundred. I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he saw this multitude of men approaching, and before he even saw his aids-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow: "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them? ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why, in the Devil's name, have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the general-in-chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugene and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aids-de-camp observed, that they had found themselves alone in the midst

of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the general-in-chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone. The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed without any order, in front of their tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre fury was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army. On the first day of their arrival, a council of war was held in the tent of the general-in-chief, to determine what course should be pursued with respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.—On the evening of the following day, the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers—of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies, who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made.—He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case. The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners. Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done? To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return. Should they be embarked? Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our optical instruments, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a great favor of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come. Should the prisoners be set at liberty? They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to re-inforce the Pacha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Naplouse, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompense for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eyes of the prophet. Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?—Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades, while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march? and, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force. The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favorable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and imminent. The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated,

separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners.—There were no Egyptians. Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced, they were killed, and disappeared among the waves. I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eye witness. Others who, like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene still makes me shudder, when I think of it, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to this day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

"I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. It may be supposed that I had not a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed."

The incident narrated below occurred previous to the battle of Marengo:—

"The first consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there, a spy, who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy, was announced. The first consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet. 'What, are you here?' he exclaimed; 'so, you are not shot yet?'—'General,' replied the spy, 'when the war recommenced, I determined to serve the Austrians, because you were far from Europe. I always follow my fortune; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and position of all the enemies' corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need not care to give me some true particulars, which I can communicate to him.'—'Oh! as to that,' resumed the first consul, 'the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my position, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: I will give you a thousand Louis if you serve me well.' I then wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their position, and the names of the generals commanding them. The first consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places, respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alessandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our position. The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful, that on his return from Marengo, Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the thousand Louis. The spy afterwards informed him, that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The first consul regarded this little event as one of the favors of fortune."

We trust enough has now been given to incite those who are eager for every anecdote connected with the late Emperor of France to the perusal of the Memoirs of M. Bourrienne.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—Mr. E. F. Brown, a clerk in the Post Office Department, proposes to publish, by subscription, the "Annals of the Post Office Department of the United States; from the year 1677 to 1831," with a table showing the gradual increase of the receipts and expenditures, and the general extension of the means of communication throughout the country. It will be compiled from official and other authentic sources, accompanied by an appendix containing a great variety of information respecting this great branch of the public service, among which will be the laws by which it is regulated, the principal post routes, officers, clerks, &c. Such a work cannot but be of interest to all who wish to become acquainted with the details and history of one of the most important institutions of the country.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 8.—The first part of the eighth volume of this highly instructive work has just been published by Messrs. Carey and Hart. The subject of the pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, is illustrated in the biography of West, Davy, Barry, Arkwright, Napier, Drummond, Boyle, Bewick, Bloomfield, and a crowd of others. The life of West is uncommonly attractive, and the whole are compiled with singular spirit, without being either too heavy or too brief. Two portraits accompany the volume.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.—The Commercial Advertiser speaks of Paulding's new work in terms of warm commendation—"Mr. Paulding's last, and as we decidedly think, one of his best, if not the very best of his lighter productions, is now published. The politeness of the Messrs. Harpers enabled us to furnish our readers in advance with a very fair specimen of the work. The opinions we have heard expressed in relation to it, and those pronounced by literary gentlemen who have perused the whole, fortify our own. Mr. P. has been happy in the selection of time, place and manners, and generally successful in his description as well as in the delineations of his characters. The hero and heroine are marked and distinct, but natural personifications; and the attributes of the Indian character are well availed of, to produce high wrought interest and romantic effect. To go into an analysis of the plot would be merely to spoil in some degree the pleasure which we are confident the majority of readers will derive from a perusal of the work. To compare it with those of other American Novelists would be a delicate matter: but it would not suffer, we think, fairly tried by this test."

A LIVELY DEBATE.—In the senate-house at Barbadoes, the members drink punch. On one occasion, when Pinckard, the traveller was there, two persons suddenly appeared with a large bowl and a two quart glass filled with punch and sangaree. These were first presented to the speaker, who after dipping deep into the bowl, passed it among the members. Nor was the audience forgotten, as it was considered to be correctly in order for strangers to join in this part of the debate.

A 'SHORT' JOKE.—A person complaining, at a tavern, of the smallness of some chops brought to table, a coffee-room wag observed—"Probably the sheep was fed on short commons."

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET.—Messrs. Finn and Hackett have been the attraction at this house for the last week, both playing the same evening and running the usual round of characters. On Monday evening the admired comedy of the Clandestine Marriage was presented to a rather thin audience; the part of Lord Ogleby by Mr. Finn, in his usual inimitable manner. On Tuesday evening Mr. Lamb took a farewell benefit, on which occasion our military visitors from Boston were present, and in the course of the evening the Brigade Band gave several tunes from the stage in fine style—they deserve credit for their proficiency in the art. The house was well filled, and beautifully decorated with banners, designs, evergreen, &c. The entertainments—Family Jars, the Beggar on Horseback, (Sadi, Mr. Finn) and the Invincibles, Victori, the Little Corporal, by the lively Miss Greenwood. Mr. Riley, from the Walnut Street company, made his first appearance at this house on Wednesday night in the part of Felix, in the Hunter of Alps. On Wednesday evening Mr. Finn took a benefit of the "several acts" composing Goldsmith's excellent comedy She Stoops to Conquer, and the renowned afterpiece of the One Hundred Pound Note—Tony Lumpkin and Billy Black by Mr. F.

WALNUT STREET.—On Friday evening, the 10th, Mr. Booth took a benefit, the entertainments being King Lear and the Mayor of Garret, the King and Jerry Sneak by Mr. Booth; Cordelia, Miss Rock—it was well attended. On Saturday night the theatre was handsomely decorated with banners hung in festoons round the interior of the house, and crossed upon the pillars of the stage, an invitation having been given to the fine company of Boston City Guards and Brigade Band, to grace the theatre with their presence. Several boxes having been reserved for their accommodation, accordingly about 10 o'clock they made their appearance and took their seats amid the cheers of the audience who crowded the house, pit, box and gallery. The entertainments were highly appropo to the occasion, being the tragedy of Richard, Richard by Mr. Booth, and the very excellent farce of the Colonel's Come. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Booth labored this evening under the marring effects of a very heavy cold, which sadly spoiled his otherwise excellent personation of the bloody-minded, remorseless Plantagenet. The fighting scene with Richmond (Mr. Riley) was particularly deserving the applause it received. Mr. J. Fisher contributed greatly to the amusement of the evening by his spirited personation of the humorous part of Cadet, in the afterpiece. On Tuesday evening, Family Jars, the Riever's Ransom, and Robinson Crusoe, for the joint benefit of Madam Hutin and Mons. Barberre, the celebrated dancers. A new drama called Kathleen o'Neil, or Feudal Times in Ireland, written by Mr. George Pepper, Editor of the Irish Shield, was brought out for the benefit of Miss Rock, with the afterpiece of Winning a Husband, or Seven's the Main, in which Miss R. played eight different parts with great eclat. She is perfectly at home in all walks of the drama, high or low.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25.

A daily paper of last week contained the annexed in the shape of an advertisement—

*"To Boarding-house Keepers and Others.—*Whereas an English Lady and Gentleman with a child, left New York on Saturday morning, and arrived in Philadelphia on Sunday by the steamboat, where they are supposed to have taken lodgings. This is to request that any person with whom they may have stopped will immediately send information which may lead to their discovery, to Mr. Robinson, corner of Front and Race Streets, for which they will be handsomely rewarded. The gentleman was dressed in a brown frock coat, chocolate trowsers, and brown silk waistcoat, and was about 20 years of age. The lady was dressed in a black silk dress, with green bonnet and about 34 years of age, short and rather stout, and the child was a little girl about two years of age. Should the lady alluded to see the above advertisement, she is requested to write to the above address, when every thing will be settled to her satisfaction and all that has passed forgotten by I. G., who is inconsolable. By her complying with this, she may perhaps have the satisfaction of saving the life of one who is near to her."

A report of all the circumstances connected with the above apparently mysterious notification, has been handed in for publication. There are some things stated which it would be imprudent to publish, in any event; and as the whole comes to us anonymously, we decline it for the present, or at least until we are assured of its correctness.

COMING OUT.—The English papers frequently contain curious advertisements of one kind or another, but we do not recollect any thing that comes up to the Smithfield arrangement here proposed for bringing out a young lady. We believe the advertisement is from the London Globe:

"To LADIES.—A Gentleman of considerable property, who has for many years led a secluded life, wishes to *introduce his Daughter*, under 20 years of age, into *genteel society*—the highest professional or commercial world would be preferred. A confidential *Chaperon* is therefore required.—She must have it in her power to present this young Lady to companions of her sex and station in life. The lady who answers this advertisement may rely upon the greatest secrecy. A Gentleman in whom the utmost confidence may be placed will act as an agent in this matter. The pecuniary remuneration will be £500 or £1000, according to circumstances. Address, post paid, Y. S., Twopenny Postoffice, Gerard Street, Soho."

The ship *Star* arrived at this port on Thursday from Calcutta, having two Elephants and several Monkeys on board.

"At a sale of a Mr. Pearson's effects at Nottingham, England, a lock of Napoleon Bonaparte's hair fetched the sum of seventeen shillings."

☞ It may be so, but it was precisely seventeen shillings more than it was worth.

Unusual.—Messrs. William Taggart and Jonathan Dickinson, of the Falls of Schuylkill, state that they caught two weeks since, in Fair Mount Dam, nine shad, with hook and line, in one day.

The Cherokee case, as argued and determined at the last term of the Supreme Court at Washington, and reported by Mr. Peters the Reporter of that Court, has been published by Mr. Grigg, of this city.

According to the Richmond Compiler, the growing corn, in that vicinity generally, looks well, but the harvest will be a few days later than usual. The wheat has suffered considerably from the fly. The growing tobacco is said to be not generally good.

We understand that the private disclosures made by Jeffers, alias Gibbs, the pirate, with regard to his confederates, were communicated to the President of the United States some time since by the two individuals to whom they were made, being advised by several respectable gentlemen to proceed to Washington for that purpose.

By a law of Ohio, a candidate treating the voters to spirituous liquors in order to gain their suffrages, forfeits the office to which he may be elected. The Sheriff's office of Stark county was lately declared vacant on that account, and a new election ordered.

The New Orleans Argus of a late date mentions the arrival at that place, in a brig from Senegal, of five African lions, an ostrich ten feet long, and an animal of the tiger kind.

An Easton paper of Friday mentions that, on the Saturday previous, a company of anglers returned from a fishing excursion to the mountain streams, and brought back with them upwards of two thousand fine trout, salted down to keep. Some of them were upwards of thirteen inches in length.

The Morristown Jerseyman informs us, that visitors have already begun to make their appearance at Schooley's Mountain Springs. The recent warm weather has no doubt induced numbers to think of the watering places earlier than usual—and if it should continue, the healthful and fashionable places of resort will soon be crowded.

The Legislature of Connecticut adjourned on Thursday, after a session of four weeks. Among the new banks granted by the Legislature, is the Connecticut Bank at Bridgeport, which is required to give as a bonus \$7000 to Yale College and \$5000 to Washington College. Also a bank at East Haddam, and another at Jewett City.

A writer in the Charleston Mercury recommends that the image of Washington be placed upon the United States coin, instead of the unmeaning head now on them, neither man nor woman, with the bust of a mermaid and the face of a simpleton.

We find it mentioned in one of the late London papers that steam has been applied with great success, in some of the French ports, in the destruction of vermin on board of merchant vessels. After having carefully closed the hatches and every aperture, the steam is suddenly introduced, and in twenty-four hours every living thing which may have been brought in with the cargo is destroyed.

The Edenton (N.C.) Gazette says that Mr. Whitmell Stallings, Jr. of Gates county, killed a bear a few days ago, which weighed 486 lbs.

The fatal accident, on board the steamboat General Jackson, is ascribed, by the Albany Evening Journal, to culpable negligence. According to that paper, "an incompetent boy had charge of the engine, and neglected to blow off the steam, or supply the boiler with water."

Mr. J. Reed, residing near Fredonia, Del. offers for sale ten thousand White Mulberry trees. The Delaware Journal well observes that the silk manufacture will become a large business in this country, and advises the farmers to follow Mr. Reed's example, in planting the White Mulberry, as a prelude to the cultivation of the raw material.

Beasley, who was charged with the murder of a man named Hart, under circumstances of unusual atrocity, had his trial at the May term of the Superior Court in Patrick county, Va. and was acquitted. A writer in the Lynchburg Virginian states that Beasley, since his acquittal, has made "a full and open confession of his guilt of the murder of Hart."

The Duke de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe, will very shortly commence his naval career on board the *Didon*, one of the finest frigates in the French service, commanded by Captain Latreite, seconded by Captain Legrandais. Her crew will consist of 448 men.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER.—NO. 8.

Fly the rank bowl, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense;
'Till with Circean cups thy mind possest,
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns to beast.
Randolph.

THE LOST SON.

It is now fourteen years since I attended a large party given by a doating mother previous to the sailing of her son on board the S—, man-of-war, on a cruise. Harry B— had entered the navy at an early age. By a heroic devotion to the service, and an amiable gentlemanly deportment, he won the esteem of his associates. Promotion followed, and at the period alluded to above, he had acquired a first-lieutenancy, though but little more than nineteen. The prospects which gathered around his way were flattering, and the pride which swelled his mother's heart as she gazed upon his tall and graceful form moving among the youthful crowd, was of that pure and holy nature which can exist no where but in the bosom of a parent. But this cause for exultation was destined to have a brief duration. Within a few years that son who moved the pride and admiration of many, became a lost and abandoned drunkard. The circumstances attending his falling off shall not be detailed here, though they might furnish a salutary lesson to many. But the closing scenes in the history of this young man deserve to be recorded, and the reader may rest assured that nothing shall be written which has not a positive foundation in fact, for to nearly the whole of it the writer was an eye witness.— On the return of Harry from a cruise in the Mediterranean, his friends were distressed at witnessing the alteration in his appearance. He was no longer the agreeable, polished gentleman. His face had lost its healthy expression, and assumed instead, the bloated fulness and scarlet hue of the confirmed sot.

Harry was compelled to resign his commission in the navy, though no especial charge was preferred against him. He had until this period been only his own enemy. It never could be urged that the service had received detriment from the slightest omission of duty. On the contrary, it was a most singular trait in the malady of this young man, that under its most severe attacks he always retained the energy and self-possession which in his better days had so eminently distinguished his career. As an evidence of this, it has been remarked by his brother officers, that when so much under the influence of liquor as to be compelled to cling to the rigging for support, he has been known to issue his orders for the management of the ship under difficult circumstances, with a degree of promptitude and regularity that surprised every one. But such spectacles could not of course be suffered, and out of tenderness to the feelings of his friends, and in pity to a fallen brother, he was suffered to present his resignation. This event seemed for a moment to arrest his downward career, and a thought of his mother, whom he had not seen for many years, the cold neglect of his companions, and the utter ruin of all the antici-

pations he had once gloried in, seemed to reclaim him to a sense of his degradation. The bitter poignancy was of short duration—a few draughts served to wash away all remembrances and all self-reproaches.

He for a while resided at one of our principal hotels, where he endeavored to sustain the gentlemanly deportment with which he had once been familiar. Here one scene of dissipation and extravagance led on to another, until in the fall of 182— he was arrested at the suit of one who had administered to his vices, and he became the tenant of the debtor's prison. His sufferings here were beyond endurance, and nearly terminated his career in a fit of mania. The kindness and humanity of the keeper, however, saved him. This excellent individual, whose many acts of disinterested benevolence have so often been the theme of praise, succeeded in restoring the poor lunatic, and so great was the care bestowed upon him, that hopes were formed of his restoration to himself, to his friends, and to society.

On a cold day in the winter of 182—, the neighborhood of one of the most abandoned sections in the southern part of our city, witnessed a scene which can have few parallels. A lady of genteel appearance, whose graceful form was slightly bent with the united weight of years and affliction, was seen traversing the streets with an enquiring look.— She leaned upon the arm of a beautiful though rather delicate girl, who might probably have reached the age of twenty—it was her daughter. The one was a mother, the other a sister of Harry B—. Though residing at a distance from the city, she had visited it in search of her lost son. She had but lately heard of his degradation—for the tale had been kindly kept from her. She had long wept his absence, and in vain strove to assign a cause for his neglect—but the truth—the withering truth at last reached her. With a heavy heart she came to the city to look for her lost child—a mournful errand for a doating mother. After a vain search of week after week (for his former acquaintances had long lost sight of him) she bent her steps towards the spot already mentioned. Possibly some tidings might reach her, even among the loathsome and degraded beings that drag out a life of misery in the obscure courts and alleys of our suburbs. How excruciating the agony which must have tortured the bosom of that poor mother, and how strong the maternal love which could thus support her. But she proceeded. A slight noise attracted her attention; it was a struggle in the door of one of those cheap dram-shops which disgrace our city: a poor wretch whose last cent had been expended, was begging for more rum. He was apparently young, but so bloated and disfigured with continual drunkenness as scarcely to present the features of a human being. Beggarly rags scarcely concealed his tottering limbs, and a heavy blow from some brutal hand had nearly destroyed his left eye, which was black and swollen. He was an appalling evidence of human debasement. The refusal to grant him more liquor without payment, made him quarrelsome; he became clamorous, and was violently pushed from the

door. He fell headlong upon the pavement, with a shock that nearly deprived him of life.

The melancholy figure obstructed the passage, and the females referred to were forced to step from the side walk in order to pass.—At this moment the wretch partly raised himself, and was leaning his bruised head on his hand while the blood streamed from his wound. What was the sensation that chilled the blood of this mother and sister when they heard their own names repeated? They gazed, but could recognize no feature or expression which they ever before had seen. The wretch again called their names, but in a voice hardly articulate; and his head sunk again on the pavement. The daughter fixed her eyes on the scene for a moment, and one convulsive shriek followed. Her delicate frame was unequal to the shock, and she fell prostrate on the shattered form before her. The mother uttered no sigh, nor wept a tear. Misery had done its worst, and she stood a fixed statue, a frenzied lunatic over the body of her LOST SON.

THE NATURALIST.

SPRING—SUMMER.

THERE is nothing more common than to predict the future state of the season from some single appearance in the early part of it; and yet there is nothing more unphilosophical or fallacious. An early blossom, an early bee, or an early swallow, or the early appearance of any other production of nature, is no evidence whatever of the kind of weather that is to come, though the belief that it is so is both very general and very obstinate. The appearance of these things is the effect of the weather, not the cause; and it is what we may call an external effect, that is, it does not enter into the chain of causation. The weather of to-day must always have some influence upon the weather of to-morrow; but its effect will not be altered in the smallest tittle, whether it does not call out of the cranny in which it has been hybernated, some wasp, or some swallow that was too weak for the autumnal migration. Birds, blossoms, and butterflies do not come in expectation of fine weather; if they did, the early ones would show that they see not far into futurity, for they generally come forth only to be destroyed. They come in consequence of the good weather which precedes their appearance, and they know no more of the future than a stone does. Man knows of to-morrow only as a rational being; and were it not that he reasons from experience and analogy, he would have no ground for saying that the sun of to-day is to set. The early leaf and the early blossom of this spring may be a consequence of the fine weather of last autumn, which ripened the wood or forwarded the bud, and the early insect may be evidence that the winter has been mild; but not one of these, or any thing connected with plants or animals, taken in itself, throws light upon one moment of the future: and for once to suppose that it does, is to reverse the order of cause and effect, and put an end to all philosophy—to all common sense.

And are we to draw no conclusions from the phenomena of plants and animals, which

have been popular prognostics of the weather from time immemorial,—not from the face-washing of the cat, or the late roosting of the rook, which have been signs infallible time out of mind? No, not a jot from the conduct of the animals themselves, unless we admit that cats and crows have got the keeping and command of the weather. These actions of theirs, and very may (perhaps all) phenomena of plants and animals are produced by certain existing states of the weather; and it is for man to apply his observation and find out by what other states these are followed. The cat does not wash her face because it will rain to-morrow; that, in the first place, would be 'throwing philosophy to the cats;' and in the next place, it would be doing so to marvelously little purpose, inasmuch as, if puss were thus informed of the future, she would only have to wait a day in order to get a complete washing without any labor or trouble. When the cat performs the operation alluded to, it is a proof that the present state of the atmosphere affects her skin in a way that is disagreeable, and the washing is her mode of relief; and, so far as the cat is concerned, that is an end of the matter. Man, however, may take it up, and if he finds that in all cases, or in a great majority of cases, this happens only before rain, he is warranted in concluding that the state of the atmosphere which impresses this action upon the cat, is also the state which precedes rain; and that in the cases where the rain does not follow, there has been a subsequent atmospheric change which is also worthy of his study. What it is in this case, and whether connected with the little action in the fur of the animal by which electricity can be excited, we shall not inquire; but in the late roosting of the crows the cause is apparent; they feed upon larvæ and earth-worms; these, especially the latter, come most abroad in the evenings before rain; and as most animals gorge themselves, where food is easily found, there is no reason why rooks should not follow the general law.

TO THE PEERLESS.

Swanlike form and snowy arms,
Tho' around thee fondly wreathing:
Stag-like eye that instant charms,
Rubious lips their dove-strains breathing;
These may youth in thralldom bind,
Yet must yield to Mind—to Mind!
Love-befrenzied youth may stray,
Lowly slave, in Beauty's bower,
Beauty fades like April's day—
A breath will soil the brightest flower;—
And youth pants no more to see
What *was* his idolatry!
Peerless thou—for thine's the sway,
Where the tale of sense is flowing,
There hath Loveliness its ray
Darted—and 'tis radiant glowing—
And I, wondering, see combined,
Beauty's gold with gems of Mind!

ON HOPE.

Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the Heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.
Thus Heavenly Hope is all serene;
But Earthly hope is ever there;
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false, as fleeting as 'tis fair.

FOR THE ARIEL.

IN a remote and beautiful portion of the County of D—, within a few miles of Philadelphia, there resided about four years since, a young female whom it may be best to designate as *Rose Macalister*, since it would be somewhat imprudent to give her real name, or to describe exactly the spot to which reference has been made. I say about four years ago, because the events which I am about to narrate first began to transpire at that time. Her parentage was so humble that no one but her mother ever knew whom she ought to claim as father, and she occupied, with that mother, one of the few log huts which the rapid march of improvement has suffered to stand in that flourishing district of country. Though without any visible means of living, dame Macalister contrived to rub along the dusty road of poverty without any apparent difficulty; for in the hardest winters, when other poor women were suffering for the comforts of life, she somehow or other was never known to complain of being pinched for food or fuel. But if her mysterious means of comfort created any surprise among the rustic gossips of the neighborhood, her daughter Rose was fitted to excite a much greater degree of wonderment. At the time I speak of—about four years since—she was just entering her seventeenth year; and seldom indeed had so rural a community beheld a girl who, being one of themselves, combined so many shrewd, sensible, but dangerous talents. She was pretty beyond a doubt; but the young swains of her own standing in society, who came to pay court to the fatherless beauty, were received with little encouragement while they remained, and with less to repeat their visits. There was a dash of ambition in the temper of Rose which seemed to defy analysis, while it only served to make her unhappy. Gay, restless, quick-witted to a proverb, and yet not supercilious nor haughty, she knew that a mind had been given her vastly above her condition in life, but was ignorant of the cause that made her always secretly unsatisfied. The fact was, that her strong mind had grown up almost to maturity without the smallest cultivation. Books she never read, although the neighboring village library afforded an abundant supply, because no one had ever told her how necessary it was to be educated. Her mother had contrived to occupy her time at home, mostly in attending to a little garden which fronted their homely residence; and although the house in which they lived was nothing more than a log hut, yet Rose and her mother had sufficient taste and leisure to attend so thoroughly to its embellishment with fruit trees and flowers, that within a twenty mile's ride of Philadelphia, the prettiest cottage was pronounced to be that of dame Macalister. The traveller was unable to discover the log hut beneath the profusion of clustering grape vines which clambered over the roof in jealous rivalry, while, if they had not been there to conceal it, the exquisite beauty of the garden in front, served effectually, by its exceeding neatness, to divert attention from the dwelling.

No wonder then, that Rose Macalister was sensible of some great deficiency, some unap-

peasable, some inextinguishable longing—but after what, she herself could scarcely tell.—Her mind, growing up without a proper direction, naturally took the wrong one, and she at length discovered that she had been born in a condition too low for her aspiring temper. Her personal charms—for she was the model of a rural beauty—her extreme vivacity—her cheerful disposition when in company—her quick replies, always seasoned with a tart wit that sometimes terrified, yet in the end served to please the rustic beaux who came to visit her—established her as the belle of an extensive village circle; yet, even though she reigned supreme within it, she was still unsatisfied. A higher destiny glittered before her, which her very inability to grasp, only served to endue her with redoubled perseverance. Many were the offers of marriage she received from comfortable swains around her, and many were the warm arguments with her mother whenever she declined their connexion. A new prospect at length broke upon the view of the ambitious Rose. During a visit to the county town, when crowds of people were collected to attend the courts, a young and loose-principled attorney from Philadelphia, was struck with the remarkable and vivacious beauty of the rural belle. With the address peculiar to the dissipated, he sought an acquaintance with her, and the impression which her charms had first made, was increased by a more intimate knowledge of her disposition. He became deeply enamored of her; and so well did he insinuate himself into the good opinions of a girl but little accustomed to the flash and glitter of high life, that after a three week's acquaintance, Rose pledged herself secretly to become his wife. He had in vain attempted to find some weak spot in her virtue. The natural keenness of her perceptions of propriety, even on the score of policy, baffled all his arts, and rather than lose the prize he had accidentally discovered, he pledged himself to marry her.

At the end of a month, Rose returned home to her cottage, happy in her inmost heart at the prospect of advancement which now seemed open before her. The longings of her ambitious spirit were about to be brilliantly realized; and whether she felt any love for the man whose fortune was to exalt her, or whether she merely used him as the machine to gratify her projects of ambition, the change wrought in her manners and behaviour was painfully apparent to all her friends. Rumor, with busy assiduity, soon magnified her prospects into the dowry of a princess; and the whole neighborhood rung with the golden destiny which seemed indeed to dawn upon the child of dame Macalister. Mothers grew jealous of her luck, and their daughters whispered scandalous surmises against poor Rose, while elderly maidens turned up their noses in seeming doubt, and prophesied that it would prove a hoax in the end. Her very good fortune alienated her friends, and she became solitary in that cottage which only a few weeks before was thought the pleasantest within the township.

The appearance of a gaily dressed stranger at the door of dame Macalister, of a mild sum-

mer evening, was now no unusual occurrence, and few indeed were the old admirers of Rose who ventured to cross the threshold to confront this formidable rival. For weeks—nay, for a whole summer, did the heart of Rose beat buoyantly in her innocent bosom, at the prospect of happiness she pictured to herself in the long intervals of absence from her lover. Suddenly, however, his fashionable gig was observed to be no longer seen at dame Macalister's, and the countenance of the daughter was more frequently clouded with sorrow. Strange whispers of Rose's having been deceived—perhaps ruined—began to circulate throughout the neighborhood, and even some visits of condolence were paid to her, which Rose, in the simplicity of her heart, received without suspecting them to be the artifices of impertinent gossips, who were dying with curiosity to know the truth of a report which agitated the community of five miles square.

The fatal truth at length became known. The lover, in returning to the city from a visit to dame Macalister's, had been asked by an inquisitive innkeeper *when* his nuptials with Rose were to be solemnized. The young man, for the first time made acquainted with the fact that his engagement with a poor girl was known, (for he had made it under an injunction of secrecy, but without any intention of ever fulfilling it) jumped into his gig denying the engagement of marriage with Rose, and drove off towards the city with curses at the man's impertinence. The abandonment of Rose was thus placed beyond a doubt. Her haughty spirit at first quailed beneath the agonizing disappointment she had suffered, but after a few weeks spent in vain but bitter regrets, her strong mind bore up against the wanton outrage on her feelings, and she resumed a portion of that cheerfulness she had always been remarkable for possessing. True, though the bright phantom which had danced before her eyes had faded, she still retained a vivid recollection of its beauties. The gay young lover had won her heart, and upon him, though so basely absent, her affection still lingered with engrossing fondness.

Three long years at length passed away, and he returned not to the cottage of poor Rose. A few of the swains whom she had so peremptorily put aside in days long passed, again urged their suit; and one of them, in most respects a fitting partner for her, pressed his claims with a pertinacity which defied refusal. Rose, subdued, but not chastened by the withering disappointment she had experienced, yielded at length to the united solicitations of her mother and young Walter, and in the autumn of 1830, became the wife of a man to all appearance capable of making her contented and happy.

The cottage of dame Macalister was fixed on as their future home; a few acres adjoining were purchased by the husband, a barn built, and other arrangements made preparatory to settling quietly down for the remainder of their lives.

In her new capacity of a wife, Rose had yet been scarcely able to compose her mind to the great change which a few short years had effected in her prospects. The autumn and the winter passed off without any unusual occur-

rence, except that her husband exhibited on several occasions, a very passionate, ferocious and ungovernable disposition towards his wife, to which her own impatient temper too often held out fresh provocatives, and but a faint hope remained that life would pass on pleasantly with the new married couple. Already had a sourness towards Walter crept into the bosom of Rose, which his frequent ebullitions of passion unhappily tended to increase. Towards the close of the month of May last, while Rose was about preparing their evening meal, in expectation of her husband's return, a highly fashionable gig was observed rattling down the road which led to the cottage of dame Macalister, and when it reached the door, a young man gaily attired was seen to enter with apparent trepidation, and enquired for Rose Macalister. Rose started up at the sound of that well known voice, and in an instant found herself folded in the arms of her first—her only love! Alarmed at the noise, the husband rushed hastily in, and perceiving his wife in the arms of a stranger, without waiting for an explanation, inflicted a punishment on the intruder which had well nigh proved fatal, and in fear that such would be the result, he left the house almost immediately, and hastened to Philadelphia, satisfied that to the secret arts of the favored stranger he owed his conjugal unhappiness, and determined never again to darken the door of that sweet cottage which had proved so fatal to his peace.

About three weeks ago, while sitting in the bar-room of an obscure public house in the Northern Liberties, meditating on his condition, Walter was accosted by a man, apparently a foreigner, whom he had never before seen. After some familiar conversation, the stranger invited him to drink, and while the landlord's back was turned, reached a glass to Walter. The day was sultry, and being overcome with thirst, he emptied the glass without taking it from his lips. At that moment the landlord was called out of the room, and the two men were left alone together.—The stranger advancing towards Walter, fixed on him an eye whose look seemed to breathe annihilation, and with a suppressed laugh enquired, "Do you know Rose Macalister?" and instantly left the room. A moment afterwards, Walter was seized with a violent pain throughout his body—his vision failed him—his brain seemed to whirl—and he sank upon the floor, as if struck dead with the quick and fatal poison which the stranger had infused in the drink he had just swallowed. A physician was immediately called in, and after unremitting exertion, the patient was relieved of the deadly ingredient he had taken. When the sunbeams of the succeeding day shone upon him, he woke with a dream upon his brain that this foul attempt was the last effort of Rose Macalister to remove the only obstacle which stood between the consummation of her happiness with him she alone ever loved, and who, as he afterwards learned, assumed the protection of his wife, sold her cottage, and carried her away to an eastern city, her ambition, not her love, having blasted the prospects of a worthy man, to minister to the evil passions of one wholly unworthy.

MISCELLANY.

CURIOSITY—A TALE.

Four persons felt inclined their steps to bend,
To see the fam'd museum of their friend;
Who had selected with much skill and care,
'Midst other things a set of paintings rare,
With judgment good, and taste the most refin'd,
Their admiration was of purest kind.
"But stay! what's here? a picture hid with baize?
This ticket will explain—I'll read," it says
"The ladies are requested not to look
Beneath this cloth," the hint of course they took:
No further information to obtain,
They silently pursued the lounge again.
Come now in this room, said the host with glee,
I've something worth your notice, Major B—,
I hope your son will also join us there,
The ladies will excuse his presence here.
No sooner had the trio left the room
Than the two fair ones manifested soon
A strong desire to clear the mystery
Of the strange picture in obscurity.
Should you not like to peep? said Mrs. P—
Indeed I should, replied the fair Miss C—,
But for the world would not be seen to look,
Then in her hand the elder lady took
The corner of the curtain that conceal'd
The wondrous picture now to be reveal'd—
Much better would it be, I think, my dear,
Were I alone to look at first, for fear;
And if it prove attractive, you shall see:
The harm is none, I'm sure you will agree.
Pourtray, ye gentle fair ones, with due care,
The consternation of this curious pair,
Who with impatience just prepar'd to gaze,
With cautious eye, beneath the piece of baize,
Through to the anti-room now met their eyes
A piece of glass about a picture's size,
And form'd its substitute in this disguise—
Alas! behind this glass what caught their view,
But the THREE GENTLEMEN they so well knew,
Who left the room expressly just to see
How great would be their curiosity.

WESTMORELAND WEDDINGS.

The wedding-day—ah what a merry sight,
Sich doings ye may not see every where,
And then we have a wheelish 'merry night,'
And gaily toast the newly-wedded pair.

THE day of marriage has always been devoted to festivity. Among the people of Westmoreland it is passed in boisterous mirth and amusement. Early in the morning the bridegroom, attended by his friends on horseback, proceeds to the house of the bride's father.—Here they alight, and the bridegroom salutes his future partner, after which the whole are ushered into the house, where a good stout breakfast is prepared for them. This being ended, the whole party proceed in cavalcade order to church, accompanied by a fiddler, who enlivens the scene by appropriate tunes. A garland of such flowers as are in season is thrown across the shoulders of the bride, and a similar emblem adorns the waist of the bridegroom. On the conclusion of the ceremony, they repair to the nearest alehouse, where many a bumper is quaffed to the health of the blooming couple. They then return in the same order they set out, to the house of the bride's father, where they are invited to dine and spend the remainder of the day in mirth and festivity. Immediately on their arrival, however, all the company are presented with a slice of the bridal cake, denominated *wineberry cake*,* which it is the bride's

* Currants are here called wineberries; this cake is thickly studded with currants and spices of every description, and marked with many appropriate devices.

office to cut up, and the bridegroom's to present it. The cake is cut while the ring is placed in the middle of it, and is handed round with the same prophetic charm upon it. The dinner generally consists of a large spiced meat pie with sundry etceteras, followed by abundance of good country ale, wherewith to drink the happiness of the joyful pair. Dancing and other amusements occupy the remainder of the day, and in the evening the bride and bridegroom are chaired in the garden, amidst the plaudits of the whole company. The whole concludes with a "merry night," in the house of the bride's father, which seldom breaks up ere bright Phœbus peeps in at the window.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.—In some, love may be said to rage like Hecla. We all know how a poor tailor died for love of Queen Elizabeth, another unhappy wit, bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, now Princess of Homberg, and got into the palace to pay his respects to her Royal Highness; his name was Spong, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hair dresser. But such is the fate of this sort of love, the friseur was unluckily pronounced insane. And again in the preceding year 1787, one Stone, a heavy looking man, about thirty three years of age, a native of Shaftesbury, unfortunately fell in love with the Princess Royal of England, the late Dowager Queen of Wurttemberg. He said the Princess stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two shilling gallery at the theatre; but Dr. Monroe, who knew less about love than lunacy, soon decided the business and poor Stone was sent to bedlam. Thus we see that even royalty is no bar to the tender passion, for "love has twenty pair of eyes." Who dare venture to state after this, that on the other hand, many young maidens have not died for love of some or all of the Royal Dukes.—Some ladies like the gentle Viola, "never tell their love, but let the cankering worm hasten them to the grave," and here in the other sex we are reminded of Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who wrote his life and confessions. He was a male Viola, for he "let concealment like a worm," &c. but he shall speak for himself. "Perhaps there is not a human being but sooner or later, in some degree, feels the passion of love. I was struck with a girl, watched her whenever I could, and peeped through the chink of the windows at night: She lay near my heart eleven years; but I never spoke to her in my whole life nor was she ever apprised of my passion." Such is the force of this passion, that it will tend to turn day into night:—witness the following: A few years ago, a lady, who had resolved "never to see the light of the day again," from a matrimonial disappointment, lived shut up in darkness—(at least she had only a lamp or candle burning)—in Charter-house street; and this lady rigidly kept her maiden vow, to the very great benefit of her tallow chandler. Oh! this love! this love!

CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.—The Christian religion, as given to man by its Divine Author, was perfect in truth and simplicity; but it was sent forth into a world in which error abounded, and the stream had hardly left the fountain when it became defiled with mundane impurities. Earnestly and repeatedly does the

zealous Paul inveigh against those who mingled what he called the "beggarly elements" and the "fables" of Judaism with the spiritual precepts of the Gospel; and strongly does he warn to avoid "profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of *knowledge*, falsely so called." But the evil was not to be checked, and Oriental and Grecian philosophy rapidly mingled with Gospel simplicity. The heat of eastern climates inspires indolence and the love of contemplation. The human mind becomes absorbed in rapturous visions of light and expanse, and men learn to regard the soul, the commencement of whose existence they cannot conceive, as having descended from the realms of supernatural light into the body, its present darksome dungeon, whence it was to reascend to its former blissful abode. Hence the body being a prison, and matter evil, the object of the soul was to emancipate itself from their influence. This was to be best effected, it was thought, by mortification of the flesh and senses; and hence the voluntary mutilations, the corporeal tortures, rigid abstinence, and all that system of self-torment which distinguishes the yogee, the fakeer, and the monk.—Others, but few in number, drew a contrary conclusion, and maintained that the acts of its impure companion were indifferent to the pure soul; and they freely indulged in the practice of the grossest sensuality.—*Outlines of History.*

JUGGLING.—In a little village up country, lived one Nat Davis, better known by the appellation of "Jumping Nat," for he often declared he could "out jump, out hop, out run, out wrestle, and out crack a whip any man in the district and lick the best feller within ten miles square." Nat was one morning sunning himself in front of the "Village Hotel," and as usual, soon attracted a comfortable audience, eager in the hope that he would amuse them with a sample of slight-o'-hand tricks, sometimes called the black art, in which business he was more celebrated about his little neighborhood than ever was the renowned Bagdad Magician. "Now," says Nat, "I'll bet a silver dollar that I can blow this sixpence (exhibiting it to the bystanders) into Sam Jones's boot, clean over 'tother side of the road." "Well I'll bet you," exclaimed a Jonny Raw, and the money was immediately put up. Nat commenced operations by sundry distortions of the face, and crossings of the forehead, and giving a hearty blow with his mouth, signified that the work was accomplished. "Halloo Sam," said Nat, "here, Sam Jones, jist come over here, will you." Sam apparently hesitated to wade through the mud, for his particular accommodation, but finally started, and when arrived, was asked by Nat, "if he would jist pull his left boot off." "Pull off my boot," says Sam, "I rather guess I shant do that, by gosh, for any body." But the reason for so strange a request having been explained by the company, Sam consented, and to the utter consternation of the astonished group, the sixpence was found in the bottom of the boot. Nat now pocketed the dollar, but as Sam went snacks in the affair, he of course was entitled to half the proceeds, as the sixpence had been placed in his boot a short time before, and the whole matter arranged between them.

After an exulting grin, says Nat "why that are is jist nothing at all for me—if any on you is a mind to bet me two dollars that I cant *melt lead in my mouth*, let them come on and I'll plank the pewter." For a moment a stillness ensued, and all eyes were gaping at Nat, when he inquired where that darn'd spunky feller was that bet af-

ore; he concluding that "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," had backed out, but the crowd by this time was much enlarged, and directly a six footer walked up and covered the two dollars.

This was rare sport for the audience. Every thing having been prepared for the curious feat, Nat took from his trowsers pocket a handful of small shot, under which he had dexterously placed a little bunch of lead, about the size of a pistol ball, in rather an oblique shape, and the whole mass he put in his mouth, commencing with the necessary grimaces of the countenance, &c. In a moment he opened his mouth and out dropped the little piece of lead, apparently just melted, he having swallowed the shot. The assembly were amazed, and the credulous as well as the incredulous, with eyes staring like saucers, were wondering how the deuce he did it. A part of them concluded he must be leagued with old Nick himself, and all agreed he must be at least a trifle related. Nat could hold on no longer, but burst out into an immoderate roar of laughter, and offered to bet \$10 that he could swallow a grindstone without choking, but none would bet, and Nat strided into the bar room calling loudly for a Gin Cocktail, and cracking his whip to the tune of Yankee Doodle, bid them good day.

THICK SKULLS.—The following extract from Dr. Crichton's *Inquiry into Mental Derangement*, proves that this reproach is anatomically correct when applied to those who labor under a defect of intellect:—"It is very remarkable, that the skulls of the greater number of such patients are commonly very thick: nay, some have been found of a most extraordinary degree of thickness. Among 216 patients of this description, whose bodies were inspected after death, there were found 167 whose skulls were unusually thick, and only 38 thin ones; among the number, there was one which was much thicker on the right side than on the left. But in particular it was observed, that among 100 raving madmen, 78 had very thick skulls, and 20 very thin ones; among which skulls there was one quite soft. Among 26 epileptic raving madmen there was 19 found with very thick skulls, and four very thin. Among 16 epileptic idiots, there were 14; and among 20 epileptic patients 10, who had very thick skulls. Among 24 melancholy patients, there were 18 with very thin skulls; and lastly, among 30 idiots, 22 with very thick, and six with very thin skulls; all others had skulls of natural thickness."

PULLING EARS BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE.—Among the Romans it was a custom to pull or pinch the ears of witnesses, present at any transaction, that they might remember it when they were called to give in their testimony. Among the Athenians, it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored; and among the Hebrews and Romans this was a mark of servitude. Butler tells us "that a witty knave bargained with a seller of lace in London, for so much lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol. Mandeville tells of a people somewhere, that used their ears for cushions. And a servant of his (says Dr. Bulwer,) that could not conceal his Midas, told me lately in private, that going to bed, he binds them to his crown, and they serve him for quilted night-caps."

THE BEE.

Bees gather honey from neglected flowers.

JUDGE ROOKE.—Judge Rooke, in going the western circuit, had a large stone thrown at his head; but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that, had I been an upright Judge, I might have been killed."

VERSATILITY OF TALENT.

"I play on the fiddle, the flute and the harp;
"On the horn and the harpsichord none reach my level."
"Very fine, my good friend, and add also to these,
"That you oft play the *tyre*, the fool, and the devil."

A KNAVE.—A knave is like a tooth-drawer, that maintains his own teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other men. He always robs under the vizard of law, and picks pockets with tricks in equity.

COIN OF JAMES II.—Ten farthings and halfpennies were coined by King James II. in 1685; and in 1689, about 1,000,000 in half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, of old brass guns, and utensils of the most refuse metal; a pound of which being worth about 3d. or 4d. when coined, was £5 by tale; and before he left Ireland, a proclamation was preparing for the currency of pewter money, and even for lead, of which were coined some pence and halfpence.

A THOUGHT.

What is Man's history? Born—living—dying:
Leaving the green shore for the troubled wave,
O'er stormy seas, mid lonely shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave!

AN EFFECTUAL CURE.—(*From the Chinese.*)—There was, in a certain house, a child who was constantly screaming and annoying everybody. At last a doctor was sent for, who gave him a draught, and desirous of ascertaining the calming effect of his potion, stayed in the house during the night. After some time, hearing no more crying, he exclaimed, "The child is cured." "Yes," was the reply, "the child cries no more, but the mother is weeping."

ORNITHOLOGICAL MATCH.—In a parish, near Edinburgh, the whole neighborhood has been put in a flutter. Miss Henrietta Peacock espoused Mr. Robin Sparrow, the bridesman being Mr. Philip Hawke, and the bridesmaid Miss Larkins. The marriage lines were extracted by J. Crow, clerk!

DISPERSION OF SEEDS.—Some plants discharge their seeds: thus, a certain fungus has the property of ejecting its seeds with a loud cracking noise, and yet it is no bigger than a pin's head!

The Bishop of Catania derives a large revenue from the snow of Etna, which is sent to Naples, and used for ices.

In a performance of Romeo and Juliet owing to the limited number of the corps, they were reduced to many shifts, the most humorous of which was, Romeo's having to toll the bell, and Juliet the dead to sing her own dirge.

SPICY PROFITS.—In the third voyage of the Company to the East Indies, one of the ships, the *Consent*, of 115 tons, sailed from the Thames in March 1607, and procured a cargo of cloves. The prime cost was £2,948 15s. and they were sold for £36,287.

THE TOOTH-ACHE.—Light a paper match, then blow out the flame, and instantly place it in the mouth as near as possible to the painful tooth; keep the lips closed for a minute or two, when the smoke from the burnt paper will completely remove the pain.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.—In the year 1125, the frost was so intense, that the eels were forced to leave the waters, and were frozen to death in the meadows.

EYES.—Descartes preserved all his life an astonishing predilection for women who squinted; and why? because the first woman who made an impression on his heart, had that defect; and that defect wherever he met with it, reminded him of the agreeable sensations he once had experienced.

A QUEEN DOING PENANCE.—In 1826, Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., was compelled by her priests to take a walk by way of penance, to Tyburn. What her offence was (says Whitelock) we are not told; but Charles was so disgusted at this insolence, that he soon after sent them, and all her majesty's French servant, out of the kingdom.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—In an appeal case, a witness was asked by Sir Edward Knatchbull, to relate what took place between him and his master, which he did as follows:—"I told him he was a liar." Chairman—Very improper language. Witness—Can't help that, I am come here to speak the truth, and you have got it.

DRUM ECCLESIASTIC.—"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed an elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a poor preacher, for i' the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the gizzards out o' five bibles!"

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller!" "I should be happy, indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation!"

There is an old custom in Scotland never to grant a light of fire to any one out of their houses, on the first day of the year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We inform those who have applied for numbers or sets of Vol. 4, that we have not a single copy remaining of any of the preceding volumes of the *Ariel*—We are indebted to the courtesy of W G, Esq. of Chaplin, Ct — E D, Louisiana, Mo. received and credited.—E K C, Fallston, Pa. is entitled to a premium, which has been forwarded via Pittsburg, care of John Seetin, Esq. No. 22 Market Street.—T G, Templeton, Ms. is credited in full.—I C, Lamberton, NH ditto for two copies.—G S M, Covington, Ga. received (\$3.)—R S is received; his selection of an agent for this work is approved; Mr. James H. Bostwick is authorised to act as our agent Auburn, NY.—The success of our two friends at Concord Meeting House, Pa. shows how readily our highest premium may be obtained by a little attention and perseverance.—J A, Hamilton, NY, has paid \$15.—E M, Piermont, NH, is received, and both subscribers are credited in full for Vol. 5.—S L and S H B, at Brocket's Bridge, NY, are credited in full for Vol. 5.—J R, Amesbury, is received and credited.—J P L, Mattison Corner, NJ.—O W, Perkinsville, Vt.—W M C, Bottle Hill, NJ.—A P, of Cleves, O. (\$18.)—R C and W C, Staunton, Va. now have credit for Vol. 5 each.—I C, Morristown, NJ, \$6; he has remitted \$1.50 more than was due, which has been credited to J G W, who has thus paid for Vols. 5 and 6.—J F J, Newark, NJ.

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